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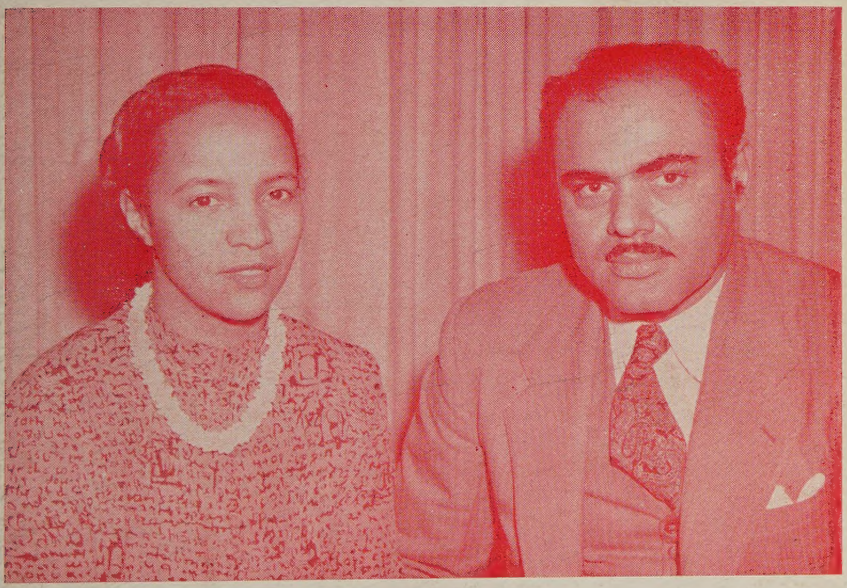
February 1952

Fellowship



CHARLES AND MARGARET LAWRENCE *Parents*

"I Did Not Want to Flee" by Premysl Pitter

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The good-looking couple on our cover this month are Charles and Margaret Lawrence, long-time members of the F.O.R. Margaret Lawrence, author of *Pacifists at Home* in this issue, is a practicing psychoanalyst and child psychiatrist, and a Licentiate of the American Board of Pediatrics. She is consulting psychiatrist for two children's associations and an instructor in psychiatry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University.

Charles Lawrence is a member of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Brooklyn College, teaching principally in the fields of marriage and the home, and race relations. A Ph.D. from Columbia, he is national vice-chairman of the Fellowship, and a former chairman of the Southern FOR. He is a director of the National Council of Religion in Higher Education, and president of Skyview Acres, a 45-family cooperative community near New York City. The Lawrences have three children: Charles III, 8½; Sara Morgan, 7¼; and Paula Jean, 6. They live at Skyview Acres, in Pomona, New York.

FELLOWSHIP

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February, 1952 Vol. XVIII—No. 2

"I Did Not Want to Flee"

By PREMYSL PITTER

I DID NOT WANT TO FLEE. I did not want to leave the children I cared for, the friends who needed me. To leave them seemed to me to be betraying them and my people. Though I was finding it increasingly difficult to fulfil the directions and prescriptions of the authorities without inner contradictions, I endeavored to work with my Communist superiors in things that seemed good or at least not harmful. In October, 1950, Milicuv Dum was taken away from our group and put under municipal administration, but our group had to go on financing it, so my friends and I were allowed to remain there, and to continue to teach.

Once my school-inspector asked me why I was not a Communist. I gave two reasons: first, I do not accept the materialistic philosophy, and secondly, I cannot agree with the violent methods that the Party uses to further its aims. Several of these aims—I said—are sympathetic to me, but inhuman methods depreciate them. The inspector answered: "We are struggling against reaction and the class-enemies. When we have done away with these, the things that irritate you will disappear. I understand that your idealistic philosophy

THE AUTHOR

A native Czech and a pacifist of many years' standing, Premysl Pitter was the founder and director of Milicuv Dum, a religious social settlement for children in the slums of Prague. He was active in peace work until the Nazi occupation made this impossible, but steered his settlement through the occupation and World War II, after which he was able to rescue children and adolescents from concentration camps, and to save from the wave of Czech revenge many of the starving and lost children of their "enemies."

hinders you from being one of us. That, however, need not prevent you from working with us. I prefer an able and honest non-Communist to an unable and dishonest Party man." The inspector herself appointed me Chairman of the pedagogical staff of the district. However, it soon became evident that differences in principles and spirit cannot be bridged over even by the best practical work, for practice is merely the application of principles and spirit.

One day I was ordered to speak to a meeting of parents about the institutions for children and youth that are being widely established all over Czechoslovakia to make it possible for mothers to go to work in factories, public services and agriculture. Women are enticed into jobs in many different ways, and are compelled by circumstances to entrust their children to institutions and enter into the production machinery. A social worker has the best opportunity to observe the evil effects of this on family life and general morality. The number of disrupted families is steadily increasing, and the children suffer in their souls. So to conclude my talk to the assembled parents I quoted the popular Russian Communist pedagogue Makarenko, who wrote that "ordered family life is the basis of socialist society," and I added that therefore the very best institutions cannot be regarded as the ideal, which is the family where the mother can devote herself to her children. The general and long applause of the audience was like a spontaneous open protest against the tendency of the Party in this matter. I realized at once that this address had been my "swan song." The local committee of the Communist Party asked for my immediate dismissal, because I "incite against the order of the People's Democracy, and only individuals who are absolutely reliable politically and ideologically are acceptable as educators."

Denunciations Follow

The magistrate, however, did not find it easy to comply with this request because of the general sympathy we enjoyed among the population. Several denunciations—a very common thing under the present regime—were a welcome help to the police. At the beginning of April, 1951, they suddenly turned up to search first my room and then the whole Home. Among the things seized were my list of international addresses, manuscripts, and copies of duplicated circular letters that were sent out from time to time to our friends to give them news of our Home and strengthen their morale. Our duplicator and stock of paper were taken away, as well as chests with material left here by the Swiss group of the International Voluntary Service for Peace which had done reconstruction work in a war-damaged frontier village of Czechoslovakia in 1946. I was accused of publishing news-letters without permission and inciting against the existing regime. The Swiss IVSP was called a "band of spies" with the help of which I had kept contact with the enemies of our State. This last accusation was dropped, however. I was immediately moved out of Milicuv Dum and forbidden to enter it any more. A new principal, acceptable to the Communists, was set in my place with an entirely new staff of teachers. The majority of the older children ceased going to the Home.

In August, 1951, I was summoned for interrogation by the State prosecutor. I knew that meant being arrested and sent to forced labor. If I had enjoyed good health, I should probably have been prepared to face this, believing that in prison or doing forced labor I could be a moral support to my fellow-prisoners, as others I know are doing. As matters were, however, I decided to escape and hope that outside my country I shall be able the better to work for peace and spiritual freedom.

Some Positive Things

Has the Communist regime brought positive achievements? I am convinced that it has. The rule of bankers and financiers has been completely abolished; unearned incomes have been done away with; work that served only private money-making (such as commission business, offering and advertising goods and services, etc.) has disappeared; a simplified school system has been built up; general social, old age and health insurance is applied; all health services have been democratized.

There are several things that the majority of the people, though anti-Communist, would wish to retain. But the ideology that takes no heed of individuality makes life inhuman and unbearable.

In Czechoslovakia nationalization has been accomplished more quickly and radically than in other satellite states; private trade has nearly disappeared and before long private cultivation of land will also have become quite impossible. So the good and bad sides of the Communist regime have already become more evident in this country than elsewhere. Institutions that are good in principle have grown into huge constructions and machineries lacking true human content. What is the use of a model organization of schooling when education and training are completely subordinated to the ideology and politics of a party? What is the use of saving time and labor through collective agriculture when the peasant, compelled to join a collective farm, loses the inner contact with the work, so that both he and productivity suffer?

The cooperation of a pacifist in the Communist peace movement would be welcomed behind the Iron Curtain as long as he would criticize only the militarism of the Western powers. As soon, however, as he objected also to the arming of Communist states he would be declared an enemy of the Soviets and the order of the People's Democracy, with all the consequences.

Only Individual Work

Pacifists living behind the Iron Curtain can work only from man to man. They avoid being drawn into peace actions—only official ones are possible—because they do not believe in them and do not want to help in creating a smokescreen for Red militarism. There is no doubt that the common people sincerely want peace, but their peace-longing is misused for a policy of hatred against the Western powers that are stamped as the only war-mongers.

Some Western pacifists are inclined to put the Communist regime on a level with the capitalist regime that prevails in their own country. When reminded of the wrongs of bolshevism they point to the wrongs of their own government. When told of the advantages

of democracy they point out the achievements of communism. They believe that by doing so they help towards a better mutual understanding. But there can be no real understanding without a knowledge of the full truth.

It is not my intention to dispute on which side imperialistic tendencies are stronger, but it is a fact that here in the West citizens can, to a certain extent, freely express their opinions and thereby exert an influence on public opinion and governments. This possibility does not exist at all behind the Iron Curtain. The lack of spiritual freedom is so terrible there that people suffer from it more than from the lack of material goods.

Anguish of Soul

It is almost impossible for Westerners to have any idea of the anguish of soul that prevails among people living in the satellite States. They are exhausted by excessive work, compulsory "re-education" and meetings, the uncertainty of personal life, fear of denunciations. They are sick of continual propaganda that obtrudes at every step and opportunity. You do not see happy faces and real joy. Their souls are starving.

On the day before my flight I happened to pass a church and felt the need of a quiet moment in a quiet corner. I thought there would be only a few old people in the church, as was usual. I entered and stood in surprise: the church was full of people, many of whom were kneeling on the stone floor, lost in fervent prayers. There were many educated people of middle age among them. I was deeply touched. I realized then what people behind the Iron Curtain miss most. It is nourishing spiritual bread, instead of which they only get dogmas and "cultural" stones.

But it is not political or religious dogmas they want, it is something more, it is that fundamentally human element that unites us regardless of differences in ideologic and religious convictions.

Democracy and communism need not stand against each other, if democracy were really democratic and communism really communistic. Democracy is threatened by bolshevism, but not because bolshevism is undemocratic and godless.

Democracy would triumph over bolshevism without war, if it succeeded in solving social problems better than bolshevism. Bolshevism is a product of tyranny and the discontent of oppressed classes and peoples. Their impatience bred the inconsiderate radicalism of bolshevists. This shows us the roots of the evil that have to be tackled. By the same token, the great discontent and despair of the many that are oppressed by the Communist regime is a greater danger to that regime than all the guns of the West.

Communism and democracy must both learn respect for all human life; they must learn the priority of spiritual values over material ones and give back to individuals and nations alike their right to free life. On that basis East and West could be drawn together and solve all world problems without resort to war and violent revolution.

World tension, it seems to me, is likely to increase still more. I firmly believe, however, that the spiritual forces that are growing under oppression will become so strong that they will pierce through the Iron Curtain.

These are parents who are trying to work out their pacifist beliefs in practice

Pacifists at Home

By MARGARET MORGAN LAWRENCE

PACIFIST PARENTS are just like any other parents in most ways. But they have some problems that are related peculiarly to the pacifist witness. One is the management of the parent's own angry feelings. Another problem grows out of the fact that the parent's own pacifism may be not unrelated to submerged patterns of dominance or withdrawal.

I am aware that there are those who explain all pacifism as the end result of unresolved hostile feelings. Pacifism may originate in hostility; it may have other, or a combination of this and other beginnings. I refer here, however, to the denial that anger, overt or hidden, can be a reasonable response for a pacifist. Indignation can be righteous, and Jesus saying to the money-changers that the temple "is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves," was a healthy piece of invective. Too often the pacifist of today maintains that the expression of anger has no place at home or in a larger community. This anger may be of long standing and pervasive. It will almost certainly diminish the individual's effectiveness as a person and as a pacifist so long as he denies to himself and to others that he harbors such feelings. So thoroughly may anger be hidden from a person, his family and his friends, that it finds reflection only in the emotional responses of his children.

I know an adult, now a pacifist, who was born into a family where verbal battles were common. His childhood response to these frequent tiffs was neither to join the battle nor to withdraw from it into complete isolation, but in a world of fantasy he punished his parents. There he made plans for running away; there he resolved never to marry. Most important, if he should marry, he would never permit his children to see their parents quarrel.

That boy, as is often the case, did marry a girl who felt much the same, and he did live true to his promise to himself. One child of this union came to my attention. He was fearful, too often isolated from his family, and given to frequent stomach upsets. His birth and infancy had been normal, but from the age of three (he was then five), he had shown increasing symptoms of the kind described. He had never been spanked. His mother was extremely permissive and his father, although often at odds with the child, habitually controlled himself during these scenes, and walked away when he was angry. When the child revealed his feelings, we found that he represented his father as a monstrous and threatening being. He interpreted his father's extreme tension and his walking away during their encounters as a horrible threat, the extent of which could scarcely be imagined. Had the father hit him

soundly, the boy might have attempted retaliation, or sought ways of making peace with his elder. As it was, he was utterly frightened by the element in his father's tense withdrawal that he could sense but could not understand.

Admit Anger

I do not here advocate the rod. My thesis regarding the management of angry feelings of parent toward child runs in this wise. Even though you are a pacifist, parent or not, you too have angry feelings. Your child knows this. First admit this to yourself, and then to your child.

Suppose you say to your six-year-old daughter: "Ann, take your bath." She declines the privilege, resists your pulling, makes you slip on an already wet bathroom floor, and slams the door in your face. She is now retrieved—by you. At this point, for the purpose of releasing your own anger, it may be well to ruminate silently as follows: "Wouldn't I have liked to get away with this when I was young! The brat is just like me. I'm dead tired after four hours of sewing for relief. Ann didn't intend to make me get a bump on the floor, but it hurt just the same." (Time 2 seconds.) You then address the child. (A vibrating voice, flushed face, and flashing eyes lend conviction. No deadpan.) "Ann, I'm dog tired. Mommies and Daddies get tired just like children. You've made me angry and I really feel like spanking you, but I'm trying not to. I know you're tired, too, but I still think we can do this together and get us both in bed soon. Get in the tub, Ann." You have now released her and you go about bath preparations as if all were certainly to be accomplished.

If this strategy fails you have at least two other alternatives. Have you a good ounce of strength left? Pick up her sixty pounds and put it in the tub, wash deftly and remove. If you lack the strength, admit you are both too tired and put her and yourself to bed. Every child has experienced anger himself, and empathizes with you in your own feeling. Admit anger to yourself as reasonable even for a pacifist. Admit anger to the child, who knows you are capable of it; then handle the child with a love that gives strength by both permitting freedom and providing limits.

Authoritarian or Permissive?

Another important dilemma hinges on the choice of authoritarianism or permissiveness, and among pacifist parents there are adherents to both types of management.

Two statements sometimes made by pacifist parents given to authoritative methods, need to be examined: "No toy gun shall ever touch my son's hand!" and "I am a pacifist and John will be a pacifist."

Should eight-year-old John hear these proclamations his normal response might very well be to grab the nearest stick and, poking it in Father's ribs, say out of the corner of his mouth, "Stick 'em up!" He does this to reassure himself that he can still survive in an environment that has so little respect for his untried but real wisdom. And the second command may make him put in an immediate application for admission to West Point, or vow to do so. The command type of proselyting for pacifism appears from interested though superficial observation to defeat the wish that our children follow us in our pre-

ferred way of life. Are there other means of promoting the tradition of peace? Let us look to other evidence on pacifism, or the lack of it, in the home.

Does silence at the morning table mask weeks of misunderstanding between mother and father? If these lines of communication were re-established, love emanating from parental sources would be more obvious to the child. Is the son's first nine-year-old need to remove a dollar from mother's bureau and hide it handled by a threat of punishment and ultimate jail? Or do the parents try to understand the boy's need to wrest something for himself from a world that makes nothing but demands on him?

Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate By Lichty

"Of course, I know he's normal, doctor! . . . but isn't there anything you can do for it?"

If our pacifism is successful in our daily lives, then our children know it before we do. They identify with us. They live by the example that we truly provide when they are nearest us—in the home. Given the good example of pacifist living in the home, subtle mention of the parents' pacifist stand does not hinder the child's understanding. The latter move is not crucial.

And what of management which is ever permissive?

"All right, Joe; it's ten below zero and there are six inches of snow on the ground, but if you don't want to wear boots, it's O.K." Or, viewing a room in the process of being rapidly destroyed, "Please stop, Arthur, please. Sister won't like what you are doing to her room." Destruction continues; pleading continues. Repeat ad infinitum or until the room is done for.

If you know that boots are a necessity in the weather described, if you are aware of the destruction being done, then put the boots on the child, and stop the other's destruction. He may even feel that you don't love him if he is allowed to go out without his overshoes, and in a sense he is right. Love provides security in areas where the child has not enough experience to provide it for himself. I have seen a four-year-old girl running in a path of destruction, and, as we knew later, fear, until she was stopped and lovingly restrained in the arms of an adult. It did not matter what the adult said, but it was of great importance that she spoke and held her tenderly, providing her with protection from the child's own destructive powers.

Children need freedom. Children also depend on parental limitations, limitations born of superior parental experience. Given no supportive limits they are without ballast; they are insecure and fearful.

The Parent's Needs

Parent-child relationships consist of a continuous search for knowledge concerning both the parent's own needs and the needs of the child. A parent with lowered self-esteem may bolster it by controlling others, such as his child. He will use authority and say to himself, "See what a really powerful person I am. I will make my child as I am." A parent who, for reasons inherent in the dynamics of his own life, is inhibited and indecisive may find it impossible to provide a sure environment for his child, but instead permits the child's untutored wishes to lead him willy-nilly.

From the point of view of the child, we see him as an individual with true wisdom of his own, with varying needs based on this or that temperament, but above all as a person worthy of our respect. I have seen countless infants refuse food, heralding an illness which became evident to parent and doctor twelve to twenty-four hours later. An ill infant fares better on a light stomach. I have seen an honest boy of five who had been permitted and encouraged to identify with a loving father by happily playing the father role with a boy doll, who calmly answered his uncle's question by saying, "No, I don't play with dolls." So soon he sensed the demands of his culture.

Children as persons vary widely in temperament and needs. "A born flirt," we say. She needs a lot of overt affection from her parents. Her sibling can realize parental love from a smile. Parents must learn to respect them all and respond to each according to his need. Children understand this too, and will turn to some quiet simple task while the mother comforts the other who was recently hurt. In a sense it is impossible to treat children just alike. If one did, the result would be energy misspent in equalizing a love which is then inadequate for each. We must cherish a moment alone with each child: a kiss, a confidence, a sharing of some fear. There is no need for guilt lest his siblings be deprived. Their turns will come.

No Cause for Despair

The chances are that you love your child and therefore try to answer his needs, that your pacifism is not perfectionism, and that your true feelings are not submerged to the point of causing severe emotional disorders in your children. The balance, however, is never easy to maintain in any family. We work hard to improve one relationship or situation only to discover another bogged down. But then we work hard at the second.

Don't be afraid of an occasional storm for parent or child. The children may tear you apart when you announce you are going out for the evening, and within ten minutes accept your invitation to brush your shoes or hold your coat. They may be angels for teacher or aunt only to challenge your emotional integration when you come home tired at the end of the day. But these storms are healthy and normal. The children love you and feel secure in your love. And if you handle the storms intelligently they can help to build up the fine relationship we all aim at.

United Nations figures reveal the per capita annual income of North America as $1100; of the Soviet Union $310; of Asia, $50, in U.S. dollars.

CRUSADE IN ALABAMA

By PEGGY WOOD

IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF JUNE when the last of the six of us arrived in Fairhope: Lawrence and Viola Scott, Winifred Rawlins, Warren Stetzel, Helen Baldwin, and Peggy Wood. We were drawn together here by a common faith, and a common concern to translate that faith more fully into life. Believing in love as the only creative basis for human relationships, and the only force that can overcome the barriers that divide men from one another, we came here to a small town in the heart of the Deep South to experiment with the ways in which love can lead us to make a more basic, living witness against war, racial segregation, and economic callousness and strife. We came seeking to build a community in which brotherhood should be more concrete, hoping that, through our common life, there could overflow into the world about us something of vision and hope and struggle for a more human and brotherly way of life.

The Town

Fairhope, Alabama, has about 3500 population; economically, it is partly a residential area for commuters who work in Mobile (25 miles away), partly a resort town (situated on Mobile Bay), and partly a trading center for the surrounding farm territory. Founded in 1895 by followers of Henry George as an experiment with the Single Tax, Fairhope has a strong liberal tradition. Here was founded the School of Organic Education, one of the first progressive schools in America. Small, open-minded discussion groups have flourished in Fairhope: philosophy, drama, World Federalism, all have aroused much interest. Quakers came here from Ohio and Iowa about 35 years ago, and became an accepted part of the community; recently many of them have attracted nation-wide attention by emigrating to Costa Rica to free themselves from America's growing militarism. A few Friends who stayed behind in Fairhope are concerned with making a more active peace witness here. One of these, a farmer, has offered us gardening and building sites on his own land.

But there is, of course, another side to Fairhope. As the population has grown in recent years, the origin of the town is slowly being forgotten: like the average American community, it is nationalistic; the American Legion has a strong political influence in town. The pattern of segregation here is strong; there is a curfew which forbids Negroes to be on the streets of Fairhope after dark.

In a farmhouse two and one-half miles from the center of town we settled down to our first task of making decisions among ourselves as to the basis and nature of our

community and work. We agreed that our first six months here would have to be experimental, as it is only through living that each person can find the place in life where he most truly belongs. We decided to pool all our savings and income, and to pay for food, rent, medical expenses, etc., out of the common fund; each person should have a small weekly allowance to cover clothing and other personal needs.

Beginnings of Outreach

As members began to find outside jobs, our economic arrangements gradually took on more concrete form. Helen took a job as bookkeeper for a local creamery, Peggy was hired as secretary to a real estate and insurance agent, and Winifred found part time work as maid in some tourist cabins. Lawrence and Warren alternated working for local farmers with developing a garden of our own; and Viola canned the crops that they brought in. We began to look toward long-range economic enterprises: we ordered hand mills for Helen and Warren to start a wheat-grinding business, and there was talk of a cane syrup mill, of work with pecans, and of buying some hives of bees.

As time went on, we slowly developed a feeling of unity. We grew into the present pattern of beginning each day with a period of silent meditation, followed by a business meeting, or by reading something together. Hashing out our long-range plans made us aware of our differences; at first this created problems, but out of acceptance of differences is gradually coming a feeling of closeness which could, perhaps, have come in no other way.

In order to get better acquainted in the community, and to make contact with people who might join study groups on nonviolence, we held an open house July 10, to which 15 people came. Members spoke about the history of Peacemakers and our group philosophy and economic arrangements. After a lively discussion, two weekly study groups were formed—an adult group studying Diwaker's *Satyagraha,* and a young people's group reading Herrymon Maurer's *Great Soul.*

We gradually started making contact with the Negro community. Some of us visited a local Negro minister; later he and his assistant came over to dinner. Out of these contacts grew a visit to an interracial ministers' meeting, and invitations for Lawrence to give a sermon in a Negro church and to address the September meeting of the interracial ministers' group. Through a pacifist friend in Mobile we met some of the leaders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People there. We spent an evening with them in intense and vital discussion; they welcomed our work in this area, and we welcomed the possibility of cooperation with such a courageous, religiously motivated group.

At the open house there had been present a reporter for the Fairhope *Courier;* as a result of his efforts, there appeared in the July 19, *Courier* a brief, objective article about us, our emphases and concerns. Soon we were visited by the state editor of the Mobile *Press Register;* after a long, friendly talk with us, he wrote a very fair three-column feature article, which appeared in the Sunday paper, complete with a picture of us at the

dinner table, and an account of the Peacemaker program and discipline. Local interest in us ran high. Clerks in stores began speaking to us: "Didn't I see your picture in last week's paper? . . . That's interesting, what you're doing!" One member was asked how it felt to be a celebrity; another heard people talking behind her: "You know, I think there goes one of them now!"

Hiroshima Day Meeting

As Monday, August 6, was approaching, we made plans for the observance of Hiroshima Day. The minister of the Fairhope Methodist Church granted us permission to use the church educational building for a service of remembrance, repentance, and dedication to peace. We took an announcement of the service to the Fairhope *Courier;* it failed to appear. In its place appeared a letter from a local woman suggesting that we were "a rotten, insidious, traitorous influence" in the community, attempting to "poison the minds of our young people," and she was "ashamed of a community, that will harbor or support (them) in any way." However, a number of local ministers announced our meeting from their pulpits Sunday morning; and we spread word of the service among all our various friends.

The night of the meeting was hot, and the attendance was small. Our study group members trickled in slowly, one by one; a white pacifist friend from Mobile came with a small Negro child she is caring for. Three members of the Fairhope general public arrived; one of them looked at the Negro child and muttered, "That's against the law in Alabama." When the child sat down, he rose and left. The meeting opened with scripture reading and a call to repentance; there were readings from John Hersey's *Hiroshima* and Hermann Hagedorn's poem, *The Bomb That Fell on America,* as well as messages from present-day Japan. The meeting ended with a deeply searching address by Winifred, and a closing prayer by Lawrence. Three Negro leaders of the Mobile NAACP came in toward the end of the meeting; afterward they came out to our house, where we had refreshments and some discussion. It had been a quiet, uneventful evening; there had been present perhaps 25 people in all.

Repercussions

During the next week the town of Fairhope was in an increasing state of excitement. The man who had walked out of our meeting had gone, we later learned, to the police headquarters, and demanded that action be taken to stop the meeting because of the presence of the Negro child. They had refused, and he had found an outlet for his upset feelings by talking with everyone he met that evening. The next day there was a meeting of the Board of Stewards of the Methodist Church; several wealthy contributors were threatening to withdraw their funds because the minister had given us permission to hold the service there. On the front page of Thursday's *Courier* there appeared a "Statement from the Methodist Church," which read, in part, "The pastor was assured that the group had no communistic beliefs . . . and were not regarded as communistic by those who knew them. No reference was made to an interracial meeting. On the basis of these statements permission was

granted . . . The Church believes that ruthless and criminal aggression must be halted even at the cost of resorting to arms."

In the same issue of the *Courier* there appeared a letter from Southern Area Commander of the American Legion, which began, "Has Russia bought controlling interests in the Mobile *Press Register?*" and continued in similar vein. In the same issue appeared an editorial denouncing those who "avoid fighting for or standing up for their country."

Attempting to soothe ruffled feelings, Warren called one of the members of the Board of Stewards of the Methodist Church to arrange for a visit. The man's wife answered the phone: "Why do you pick on us?" she cried, almost hysterical. "Can't you go see someone else? Go and see the whole Board of Stewards if you want to! But leave us alone!" She seemed to fear that our very presence in her house might condemn her for life. The young people's study group faded away, except for two Quaker youngsters; the adult study group shrank to four members, plus us. (Three of the four were convinced pacifists.) Rumors spread about town like wildfire. We heard that a group of citizens had pledged themselves to drive us out of town within a month. And, a week later, we heard that "two busloads of Negroes from Mobile had come to the Peacemakers' meeting, and Communist literature was found in the buses!" We received anonymous uncomplimentary telephone calls. At the end of the week Helen's boss told her reluctantly that he would have to let her go; he had been threatened with a boycott on her account, not only from Fairhope, but from other towns as well. The same day we received word that one of our four faithful study group members was in danger of being fired. There seemed to be a concerted effort to hurt all who had any contact with us.

Liberalism Aroused

Slowly the liberal tradition in Fairhope, which had lain silent in the hearts of many people, rose and came to the fore. At the meeting at which our friend's job was to be considered, one of the leading citizens of Fairhope rose and expressed grave concern about the intolerance which was sweeping the town. Reminding people of the meaning of the American faith in freedom, his speech stemmed the tide, and no one brought up the question of firing our supporter. Peggy and Winifred had long talks with their employers; disagreeing with our beliefs, they nevertheless stood solidly behind us in supporting our right to speak and practice the things that we believe. A liberal woman, indignant at Helen's having been fired, hired her at once for a three-week job doing housework and caring for children. Members of the Friends Meeting listened to our story of persecution, and quietly offered us their moral support.

Seeking to do what we could to alleviate the tension, we went in twos to see the people who had written letters against us in the paper, and those whom we had heard were the most deeply disturbed. The visits met with varying success: in one instance, quite a friendly relationship was established; in all cases, we felt the visits were helpful in bringing about better human understanding.

Just after the height of the crisis had passed, Lawrence gave a scheduled sermon in a local Negro church. He stressed the non-violent mission of Jesus, and told why we had come to Fairhope. We felt a quiet welcome by the congregation; the minister was enthusiastic and warm.

After a couple of weeks the Fairhope newspaper dropped all mention of us—partly, we were told, in order to spare the Methodist Church from involvement in further controversy. Gradually the furor died down, and life returned to its normal, quiet routine.

Our Present Plans

Recently we have gropingly tried to feel our way again. On August 30 we moved to a house in the heart of the town of Fairhope; with plans to stay at least until December. The hand mills have come, and Helen and Warren are beginning the grinding of grain and the baking of whole-grain bread. The number of their customers is steadily increasing. Other community industries may develop.

We are preparing a mimeographed sheet introducing ourselves as speakers; we plan to use it in visiting ministers and lay leaders of church groups, trying to get speaking engagements, both in Fairhope and in Mobile. We hope to develop further contact with the Negro community. It may be that we can arrange some meetings with out-of-town speakers. We have talked of starting language classes to establish more local contacts; we are also visiting local churches. Our adult study group has developed into a pacifist cell; it continues (three outside members, plus us) to meet every Tuesday evening. We hope very much to find some new members for our community.

The Future

We have no blueprint for the future; we know that we must walk each day by faith. There is a dream, which many have shared, of forming, in time, a network of cooperative communities whose membership is pacifist, interracial. And there is another dream we have shared, of growing in discipline and simplicity of living until our way of life approaches that of a Gandhian ashram. There is a dream of starting a growing movement of Satyagraha. And there is the present reality of a world tottering on the brink of total war, a nation struggling within itself against a growing Fascism, a South sick with the moral confusion of racial segregation. And there is the knowledge, always and everywhere, that the way of nonviolence is the way of hope; that in the midst of uncertainty and chaos, love and faith cast a steady, unfaltering ray; that into the deepest darkness, light may come—may illumine that darkness, if those who have seen its burning fire are faithful. After 12 long years of struggling with the problems of the mistreatment of Indians in South Africa, Gandhi launched his first Satyagraha campaign. It may be that out of a mixture of struggling, dream-lit aspiration; of slow, painful identification with those who are suffering in the reality of a disintegrating world; and of honest, steady, loving witness to Truth as best we see it, something meaningful in the long struggle for human unity may here be born.

I Mention It In Passing

By NORMAN WHITNEY

How to endure when all around us die
Nations and gracious cities, homes and men . . .
Kenneth Boulding

A LITTLE MORE than four hundred years ago a company of Spanish explorers bent on rivaling the exploits of Cortes landed in Florida. They were handsomely equipped with glittering armor and gaudily bedecked horses. They had all the pride and greed, the ignorance and confidence of white Europeans; but they had also an "aging, adipose, credulous commander," and under his inept leadership the expedition of 580 men marched towards utter ruin. After indescribable hardships in a land where the Indian marksmen and the snakes never "err when they strike" and during which "those whose palates allowed it" devoured the horses and even nibbled at corpses, the 580 became 400, then 40 and finally 4. When these last survivors were finally washed up on the shore "mother naked," their barge gone, they indulged themselves in the only luxury left to them, the luxury of tears.

And then began what is surely one of the strangest stories of conquest and exploration ever enacted in America. For eight long, weary years (1528-1536) the four adventurers walked westward until, incredible as it sounds, they came upon Spanish settlements and reached the Pacific.

One of the four was a Spanish nobleman who had been at the battle of Ravenna in 1512, where "between dawn and sunset perished a thousand score." Deeply impressed by his first sight of the ease with which men can be torn asunder and destroyed, the young man experienced a profound sense of desolation in which, he records, "I saw a far off light, heard a far off strain of music. Such words serve as well as any: what can describe a happening in the shadows of the soul?"

This gentleman of old Spain was Alvar Nuñez Cabeca de Vaca, who lived to see the heretics burning in the arms of the iron prophets; Columbus as an old man, Magellan as a young man; and the sailors coming home from the West with parrots, gold, and Indian girls. He forgot about the "flash of inward fire" and in time he, too, sailed across the seas as Lord Treasurer of the Narvaez expedition. Interlinear to his account of that disastrous adventure, addressed to the King from Mexico City, may be found the account of an "inward journey," quite as exciting and much more significant than the outward one. For these "wanderings in the wilderness" added nothing to the wealth of Spain, little to the

knowledge of geography. Instead these men, barebacked and barefooted, sometimes enslaved by the Indians, sometimes treated as demi-gods, always enduring cold and hunger, danger and starvation, explored the uncharted areas of the spirit of man, the shadows of the soul. And here the story of disaster becomes a tale of triumph which the modern interpreter* sets forth in words Cabeca might have written if unafraid of his King. They began at the tragic moment of final shipwreck when the survivors sat shivering in the November wind and Cabeca heard "yet again that music, that fitful run and flash of brightness I first heard on the battle field of Ravenna."

"The Indians came back and found us as naked as they were, and our barge gone, and in tears. They sat down beside us and cried, too. I cried all the harder to think people so miserable had pity for us."

In simple sentences that pierce straight to the heart of the matter because they are so simple, the record of discovery mounts:

"This is the tale of what men can and cannot do when they must do something or die. . . .

"It is curious when one has nobody and nothing to rely upon outside of oneself. . . . To understand what it means to have nothing, one must have nothing. . . .

"The worst lay in parting little by little with the thoughts that clothe the soul of a European, and most of all the idea that a man attains strength through dirk and dagger . . . we had to surrender such fantasies . . . until at last . . . to be deprived of Europe was not to be deprived of too much."

The Indians asked the white beings to cure their sick. But the Europeans, being civilized, believed that they had given away to doctors and priests the power to heal and said that they did not know how to cure. The Indians withheld their food and in their desperation the Christians prayed and made the sign of the Cross. To their amazement the ailing said they were well! Then, says the narrative, "they gave us many presents, and we left them the happiest people on earth, for they had given away their very best. . . .

"Months went by as in a dream."

"And seventeen successive days of starvation. . . ." Even when there was food they suffered bodily torments from nakedness in a thorny land, from exposure to sun and wind and cold. And sometimes they were literally exhausted by the demands made upon them for healing and blessing. "Who is any of us, that without starvation he can go through the kingdoms of starvation?"

But also Cabeca came to understand that he had it in his discretion to grant life and health to others. "To be more than I thought I was—a sensation utterly new to me . . ." he says. "Nothing of me, your Majesty, existed then outside of that music I first heard at Ravenna. The power . . . comes as the wind comes to the trees of a forest. . . ."

Often he remembered the heretics burning in the arms of the iron prophets in Seville; remembered his grandfather's brutality to his slaves and saw his grandfather through the eyes of the slaves. And remembering helped him to en-

* *The Power Within Us,* Cabeca de Vaca's Relation of His Journey from Florida to the Pacific, 1528-1536, by Haniel Long. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, N. Y., 1944.

dure but. . . . "Was it even a remembering, was it not perhaps a listening?"

He began to think of Indians as fellow human beings; to treat all human beings alike. He is apologetic to the King for "all these cures, these exertions outside of Holy Church, and for the sole benefit of miserable Indians." . . . But "what I was learning came from blinding days in an open boat, from men who died crying for their mothers, from simple Indians who insisted on being cured . . . and so my notions of the Invisible may differ from what the books say. I mention it in passing, your Majesty."

Experiment in Black and White

By ED MACLEAN

IT WAS IN THE SUMMER that we tried the experiment that, for a while, seemed likely to turn the whole town upside down. It is a small Mid-Western town, and we are the kind of average young couple who fit it like the proverbial hand into the proverbial glove, but to a few people, for a while, we must have taken on a very ominous appearance indeed.

We are fortunate in having a small but growing handicraft business whose product is sold in the shops of the larger cities, which makes us unusually independent of the rigid economic morality that dominates the social and cultural lives of the majority. We have also had a bit more educational experience than the average, and just enough interracial experience to make us dissatisfied with the racial and cultural homogeneity found in the average small town, populated and dominated by "good American stock."

At Grinnell College M. had met and associated with on equal terms, Negroes, Russians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Africans, and even a member of that almost vanished race, the American Indian.

I had gone through grammar and high school with Jews of various extractions, and to the University of Chicago; and I had lived on sometimes painfully intimate terms with the Negro servants who took care of all domestic matters, even to spanking the children, in the hotel where I was raised.

A few years after M. and I were married we moved to a small Colorado town where we had no friends, but where the scenery and climate were ideal—on the basis, perhaps more intuitively than intellectually felt, that the relationship to nature was the most basic of all human relationships.

We explored with some enthusiasm the new social outlets, but after a few months found we were facing the familiar clichés of bridge party, social club, movie and Sunday outing.

One evening M. was recalling the days when she lived with a Japanese family in Chicago, studying in the Art Institute during the day and working every evening in the

Japanese restaurant of Mr. Osato.

"It would be nice if we could have them for a visit," I said, feeling the emptiness of the big ten-room house with a view of the mountains from every window.

"I might invite them but I've lost the address, and they've probably moved or disappeared into the past by now."

Then the idea appeared out of nowhere. "Why don't we invite somebody we don't know—someone who would be glad to spend a couple of weeks' vacation in a place like this?"

"Maybe this is our chance to test out the theories we've been talking so much about the last few years."

The First Step

The idea held us until after bedtime and by next morning there was nothing else to do but write to the NAACP in Kansas City asking if it would be possible to invite a young colored couple, or mother and child, to Colorado for a few weeks' vacation, explaining somewhat self-consciously our motives and background.

We awaited each mailtime with some trepidation, and in due time the suspense was broken. Mr. Johnson, a lawyer and head of the Kansas City branch, wrote that he was very pleased with the idea and would take steps immediately to arrange for a visit.

We cleaned the house and estimated the days and waited with varying emotions. M. dreamed of a huge Aunt Jemima who climbed trees in the yard and scampered about the roof. We discussed the possibility of the neighbors complaining to the Town Fathers, who might order us out of town. The electricity and gas might be shut off; there might even be hooded klansmen ready to spring from the darkness of the road and ride us down with torches.

Ten days later another letter from Mr. Johnson. He had not yet heard from the minister whose name I had given as reference. He would wait a few days longer and then write the bank, our second reference. He had no doubt of our sincerity, but he thought it best to have at least one reference, etc.

A Snag Appears

The minister was sitting alone in his study when I went down about an hour after receiving the letter, as if waiting for an intellectual tussle with whatever crackpot, sentimentalist, or confused sinner might wander in. He had been away and only the day before had answered Mr. Johnson's letter. He was pudgy, zealous-looking, about my own age. He had been through the war as a chaplain in Europe, and the first thing he asked was what was the idea?

I told him in the simplest terms I knew.

"Aren't you afraid," he said as soon as I had finished, "that you might stir up a racial problem where none ever existed before? There are only a few Negroes here and the white people aren't used to them. They might not know how to take it, seeing some of them move in with a white family."

We had never attended his church regularly but he was a former student and friend of our old minister back in Chicago, and our boy went to Sunday School. I told him if there was any trouble it would be the whites, not the colored people, who would cause it.

He agreed, but he believed the principle of mixing the two was wrong. If God had wanted them to mix he would not have made them so different. The color lines were, in effect, the stalls in God's human ark to keep the races strictly apart.

Difference of Opinion

It was apparent that the blood pressure was going up on both sides of the table, but there was at least a mutual effort to keep the argument on a mental basis. He was unable to admit that color was largely a geographical phenomenon —else the Negro would turn white after several generations in this country. He couldn't explain why, if the races were not meant to mix, they could intermarry and have normal offspring, nor could he point out any injunction in the gospel forbidding such intercourse. However, he had seen segregation in the Army and he thumped the table in his conviction that it worked better than no segregation.

It came out in the dwindling course of the conversation that he had lived in New Orleans for half his life. The Southerners treated the Negro very fairly, he said. When they were too old to work they didn't turn them out, but let them sit around the place for the rest of their days. There was no old dog at the minister's feet to thump his tail at this, but I let it pass.

There had been an article in *Time* the week before telling about a minister who had pointed out the plight of a neighboring Negro community in a baccalaureate address. His congregation had warned him never to discuss the race issue, and now they had fired him.

The man before me was a jobholder too. He was part of a comfortable, well-established, respected system. Why should he throw it all up for a principle that did not directly concern him and his flock? Besides, he wasn't the type. The minister in *Time* looked as if with a little encouragement he might have become a radical, a fanatic, or a disciple. Perhaps that was the answer—human character built by experience on individual personality. Heraclitus' immortal phrase, "A man's character is his fate." Education, directive purpose, might some day take the place of experience, build the character necessary to human fulfilment.

So Mr. Johnson wrote to the bank. I discovered that the vice-president had no more experience than the minister with crackpots.

"What a peculiar request," he replied. "I would advise you to think the matter over very carefully, as it will probably put them at a very severe disadvantage." It never did become clear whom he meant by they.

The day of climax finally arrived. The big streamliner hooted in the distance and we held tightly to each other as it ground to a stop. Then the moment of intensity as Mrs. Barber stepped down from the platform with her three-year old daughter by the hand.

"Mr. MacLean—Mrs. Barber—Yes—So glad to see you." The usual inanities. Then the walk toward the car feeling very self-conscious before the depot loungers.

At home in the living-room the children broke the spell of strangeness. Our boy showed the girl his blocks and toys—the blonde curly head beside the brown kinky one—the white hands meeting, giving and taking from the small dark ones, the voices blended in the pure humanity of childhood.

This was the moment of fruitfulness, of realization.

Mrs. Barber began to talk, sitting on the worn carpet beside them, a trim, good-looking, well-dressed, chocolate-colored woman about M's age, the experiences of her race showing only in the words, the tone of voice, the gestures of the thin, dark hands.

The way it was to be a Negro in the white man's world. The Jim Crow theaters, the clerks in the elegant department stores who were so sorry but it was against the rules to try on dresses or hats or gloves; of answering ads for jobs over the telephone and being urged to come in for an interview, only to be told there was no vacancy when one appeared in person.

The story of the white foundling found near a Negro hospital. Sent to a white hospital it was refused admittance because it came from a black neighborhood. Doctors at the Negro hospital declared it was a white child and it was finally admitted to a white hospital. A few years after it was adopted by white parents it was again declared black, and the parents were trying to decide whether to keep the child and move out of the state, or give up the child and keep their home.

The mixture of the tragic and the comic. The wealthy Negro families in the South Mrs. Barber had visited, who treated their Negro servants with more rigid discrimination than the white planter. Like the Japanese General who beat the Colonel, the Colonel who beat the Major, and so on down to the Private who beat the prisoner. Not so much race feeling, as class or caste.

Yet the thread of hope, the sense of ultimate victory connecting all the tumbled-out words. Kansas City was on the Jim Crow borderline—a sort of frontier of race relations. The Negroes owned a powerful newspaper, they were steadily encroaching into white neighborhoods, they could protest the traditional southern prejudice without fear of violence, and they did so with a patient persistence.

What It Means

"You don't know what it means to be able to talk to a white person like this—without having to watch every word you're saying. Just being able to talk like this is worth the whole trip."

Will you share my burden? Will you let me sit and ease my mind and soul? It is better than psychiatry or the confession of sin. We talked through supper and putting the children to bed and on till the neighbors' lights were long out, and then the struggle to sleep with the images of the words refusing to be stilled in the mind.

Mrs. Barber and Patsy slept well in our best bedroom and there were no devil's hoofmarks about the place next morning. Patsy's pajamas gaped at the rear as she played on Poncho's bed and we could see she did not have a tail that curled up her back as the white soldiers told the German frauleins about the Black Yanks.

After breakfast Mrs. Barber left two dollars on the refrigerator to pay for Patsy's milk and while we took up our work, went off for a walk to see the town.

A few evenings later, as we were washing the dishes and wondering whether group action or individual achievement was the surest way to Negro advancement, the doorbell rang. It wasn't the sheriff, but only

the Harrisons, an elderly couple from two doors down. We had told them about our guests and they were anxious to meet them. Mrs. Harrison brought some cupcakes and we sat and talked for an hour about Kansas City and Colorado; a pleasant evening of small talk between neighbors.

The Neighbors Come

A few nights later the school principal and his wife from across the street came over. He had had some very promising Negro students in public school in Denver, and the talk was on a higher plane.

On Friday night the colored cook from the hotel and his wife, one of the two Negro families in town, came over and Mrs. Barber did the entertaining while we watched and learned.

One afternoon Patsy came in, visibly excited. There was to be a birthday party for one of Poncho's friends down the street and she was invited, could she go? Or perhaps should she go? M. went down to investigate and found a new friend in the child's mother, a former school teacher.

On the afternoon of the party the mothers took the children down and stayed awhile for tea. When the kids came back, sticky-mouthed and fingered, just before dark, Poncho reported that Patsy was the biggest attraction at the party.

We were amazed, in the days that followed, at the social activity that seemed to swirl, without any effort on our part, around the simple fact of Mrs. Barber being in our house. There was a notice in the paper about our guests, and whether from curiosity or genuine interest people we had met only casually dropped in almost every evening. There was an invitation to a dinner and a picnic, but the banker and the minister stayed aloof.

Then suddenly the two weeks were up and it was time to go back to the depot. We make an annual Christmas trip back to the little town in Iowa where M. was born and had promised to stop for a few days with the Barbers. Nevertheless it was a parting. Poncho held tightly to Patsy's hand and at the last moment threw his arms about her. Patsy kissed him on the cheek and then waved from the platform and was gone.

That was in August. During the next few months we found we had some new friends in town. The cook from the hotel invited us over for a chicken dinner, and afterward we met the other colored family with their six children. More stories, more experiences, more humor and pathos and understanding. Then the leaves were gone from the trees and the mountains grew white and cold and remote and it was time to leave for Iowa.

Return Visit

We got lost, of course, in the maze of city streets and it was not until supper time we reached the Barbers' house. Patsy answered the door and whooped back to announce our arrival. We were surprised at first by our friends' affluence. They owned two large houses on a main boulevard, the one next door rented to another family. The neighborhood had once been one of the better-class white residential districts, but now there were only two white families left in the block: a woman who wanted her young daughter to be raised with the advantage of knowing both blacks and whites, and an

rish family who said the Negroes ad so rebuilt and improved the ormerly rundown neighborhood hat they had no wish to move.

After supper, when the two chil-ren with some difficulty had been eparated and put to bed, Mr. arber and I talked while he went ver the layouts for the next day's rinting. He was a small, neat man vith a pleasant dark-brown face vho had started out as a friendless rphan and worked his way up to rinting foreman of one of the top legro newspapers. Mrs. Barber was lready on the phone making plans or tomorrow.

Economic Problem

"The problem of race relations is conomic," Mr. Barber said in a low, soft voice. "Under our present conomic system there are only so nany jobs to go around. The white nan can't afford to let the Negro nave jobs, except the ones he loesn't want. There are over 50,-)00 Negroes in this city. As soon is hard times come again most of hem will be out of work and los-ng all they gained during the war. As long as there's no economic equality, political equality doesn't nean much to the Negro."

I asked about Negro-owned busi-ness—the idea of individual achieve-ment that Mrs. Barber relied on.

"We're just beginning to make a start in that line. The newspapers nave made a fine record, and other businesses can do the same. But Negroes as a whole are backward about helping themselves. Maybe it takes more than two or three generations to make a successful businessman out of a slave. Most of them would rather have jobs than the risk and responsibility of run-ning their own business. I tried to get a cooperative started here so the Negroes could have their own food store, but there weren't enough people interested."

At the moment we were talking there was a long line of pickets, both black and white, moving around the City Auditorium in protest against the segregation enforced by the producers of *Carmen Jones,* then showing.

Who Is Responsible?

"The producers say it's the policy of the Auditorium. The Auditorium says it's the policy of the city and the city says the producers are free to follow any policy they want," Mr. Barber explained. "So we can't pin anyone down although we've sent a lot of delegations down there. We used to be segregated in the city parks, but we broke that up. Where the white man pays his money for a theater seat it's a little harder. If I were to phone down for seats now they'd ask me if I were white or colored."

We slept, under protest, in the Barbers' bedroom, while they moved onto the couch and a cot in the living room. After a late breakfast people began dropping in; Mrs. Barber's mother and sister, the tall, slow-moving woman next door whose husband was overseas. In the afternoon we visited the newspaper and must have gaped rudely at the red-haired, olive-skinned girl who worked the switchboard.

That evening we met Mr. Johnson, who delayed a board-meeting while he explained the work of the NAACP; Miss Simms, the school librarian who brought along two students; and Billie Barry, a middle-aged woman whom we mistook for a white friend of the Barbers.

There had not been a drop of

dark blood in Billie's family for five generations, yet she was classified —by her own admission, she explained—as Negro in the city's social service department. She went anywhere she pleased, taking an ironic satisfaction in violating Jim Crow. Her job took her into some of the best as well as the worst white homes of the city, where, after being accepted on her own character and appearance, she would let it be known she was Negro. She was most concerned about the children.

The Children Suffer

"If you could see how they must suffer, over the trivialities of the shade of their complexion. Beautiful little olive-skinned creatures, separated from their mothers or fathers, harried and hunted as if they were some dangerous animal, never given a chance for a normal life from the moment they open their eyes."

While the visitors came and went, Poncho and Patsy played on the floor, sometimes noisy and squabbling and always underfoot.

"That's something to see," Billie said. "Something they'll never forget. That's all they need, is a chance to play together."

Mrs. Barber begged us to stay for a seminar on race relations, but they were expecting us in Iowa. We spent two hours with Lawrence Scott, head of Fellowship House, where the seminar was to be held, and then said a last goodbye.

The Christmas dinner was fine—all the trimmings from high-balls to demi-tasse, but there was something we missed, something not to be found in that little town of all-white faces.

The Barbers are planning another visit and we see our new colored friends occasionally. We hope that the neighbors will get so used to seeing white and colored folk meeting and visiting together that they will be tempted to try it themselves.

Political action, organizational action, is a necessary and effective method of progress, as FOR has demonstrated. Yet is it possible, without the spontaneous action of the individual heart and mind, to make the final transition from race relations to human relations?

Poem

Let me believe in Love, in the song-Grace
Of a word, a child, a hallowed place
In every human heart. Let me believe
That any seed, once-planted, rained and sunned
Can blossom winter-wise, a God-blown one.
Let me believe that man, once he has met
Himself in a thousand lies, and turned yet
To see himself, undying, slain and slayer,
Brute and endurer, faithed and still unfed,
Can raise his arms and cry, with the lost soul,
His own repentant judge, Lord, is it I?
Gracious God of my birth, Forgive this lie.

—Rhoda Reith

News from the Peace Front

Conference on Christian Youth and War in April

The Christian Youth Conference on War, sponsored by the FOR, the FSC, the denominational fellowships, and other groups, will be held in Columbus, Ohio, on April 26-27, 1952. In charge of the work preparing for the Conference are J. Martin England of the Church Peace Mission, and George Houser and Bayard Rustin of the FOR. The Conference will be along the lines of the Detroit Conference two years ago, but will be attended by youth, mostly of college and seminary age.

Some preparatory reading material is being prepared, and speakers will include several well-known theologians. Further announcements will give more details. Those interested in attending, ministers who have young people in their churches, or others knowing of young people who should be asked to participate, should write to Mr. England at 252 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, or to George Houser or Bayard Rustin at 513 West 166th Street, New York.

Interracial Workshops Will Be Held

During the month of July, 1952, one, and possibly two, interracial workshops will be held under the direction of George Houser. There will be one in Washington, D. C., where such workshops have been held for a number of years, and where they have acquired such a following that a permanent workshop operates in the city all year. A second one will be held, if there is a demand for it, in Kansas City, Missouri.

As in previous years, workshoppers will investigate discriminatory situations, will negotiate to bring about a change, and if this fails will take direct action, such as picketing or a sitdown. They will be under the direction of experienced leaders in the field, and will have the benefit of visiting speakers, many of them prominent in various fields.

Medical Society of Pacifist Doctors

A group of Quaker and like-minded doctors have founded the Friends Medical Society, and on December 1, Charles Walker became part-time Executive Secretary, while continuing his work as Secretary of the Philadelphia FOR.

Membership in the Society is not limited to Quakers, but is open to all physicians and medical students who are in accord with its major objectives:

1. To make information and services available regarding the doctors' draft;

2. To assist the American Friends Service Committee and other groups in developing and staffing projects with medical work involved;

3. To initiate discussion and develop projects which may have special relevance to traditional Quaker principles and their social implications for medicine.

Those interested should write to Charles Walker at 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

Second Noh Plays For Walser Fund

On November 10 the second annual Noh performance was held in Japan in memory of Theodore Walser, who was a missionary in Japan for 26 years, was repatriated on the Gripsholm, and was Secretary of the New York FOR from then until his death in 1949. Proceeds will go to the Theodore Walser Fund, which is used to sponsor a yearly prize essay contest on peace and a peace seminar in Japan, and which has established a peace library in Tokyo.

The Noh performance consists of plays, dances and songs by various artists, and it began at 12 noon and continued, to a full hall, until 6 p.m. There were brief addresses by D. Teiyu Amano, Minister of Education of Japan, Dr. Iwao Ayusawa, professor at the International Christian University and an FOR member, and others. Contributions for this fund may be sent to John Nevin Sayre.

Investigate Violations of IAO in Armed Services

In response to numerous complaints from IAOs stationed at Ft. George Meade, Maryland, Lyle Tatum of the CCCO and George Loft of the AFSC visited there and talked to some of the men, substantiating the fact that COs were fairly frequently ordered to do things they objected to on grounds of conscience, and which were also forbidden by the regulations covering IAOs. For example,

Laying mines and booby traps, including two movies and a field trip. On the trip, when COs protested against laying mines, they were finally given permission to stand and watch instead;

Infiltration course, consisting of crawling under barbed wire while machine guns are fired overhead and dynamite charges exploded nearby;

"Baptism of Fire," a movie all were required to attend, showing bayoneting of men, etc. "You are a hero and get your confidence after you have bayoneted your first man," it says;

Rifle range, where COs had to serve as telephone operators to report hits on the targets, and stand guard to warn people away from the area;

Arms inspection, with COs standing with the others, but not carrying arms.

On various occasions COs had also been required to clean rifles and to load or unload ammunition or weapons.

Lyle Tatum and George Loft visited a Colonel in the Pentagon to bring the violations to the attention of the authorities and to request that action be taken to correct the situation. The Colonel, while not sympathetic, was cordial and talked to them for an hour. He maintained, however, that as none of the complaints had come through official channels he would not take any action, and said the men should send complaints through their commanding officers, according to regulations. (A Senate subcommittee reported not long ago that, "rightly or wrongly," the average Marine feels that, should he complain, reprisals would be taken against him by the officers, and harbors little hope that the complaint would be acted upon.)

In the discussion, the Colonel compared the Army with the Com-

unist Party, saying they were exactly the same, authoritarian stems based on force," and added at governments were also based n force, not divine sanction or mething like that. When it was inted out to him that the study weapons was forbidden by regutions but that it was definitely ven, the colonel declared that mpulsory attendance at the asses was not compulsory study, nd suggested that COs could cover eir eyes and ears. He said that the orst that happened to men who sobeyed orders was that they got a nice warm dry jail," which he mpared favorably with condions of the men fighting in Korea.

Talks with the men at Ft. Meade nvinced Lyle Tatum that many Os who ask for or accept the IAO sition have an inadequate underanding of the IAO regulations emselves, and also of the actual rcumstances they may face after duction.

ledge Brotherhood Campaign in Third Year

For the third successive year eorge Houser has organized the ledge Brotherhood campaign for he month of February. The idea egan as something very simple but st year, in its second year, the ampaign snowballed, and 40,000 opies of the Pledge were distriuted. For the past two years mphasis has been on a pledge to e signed by people who will refuse o use any segregated facilities durng the month, and who also pledge take positive action for better nderstanding between the races.

This year the Pledge Brotherood Campaign will emphasize the idea that each signer should take at least one step further than he or she has previously done, whatever that may be. In past years participants in the Campaign have had very interesting and rewarding experiences in carrying out their pledges.

Universalist Church Ousts Pastor

The Rev. George Abbe, FOR member and minister of the universalist church at Annisquam Village, near Boston, was asked to resign in December by the standing committee of his congregation as soon as it learned that he had signed a pamphlet asking for funds for the legal defense of Prof. Dirk Struik. Prof. Struik is awaiting trial on charges of conspiracy to overthrow the government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which is really a charge that he is sympathetic to communism. After the action taken against him, Prof. Struik was suspended by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

On December 7, seventeen members of the Greater Boston Universalist Ministers Association, virtually every Universalist minister in the area, issued a statement protesting Mr. Abbe's dismissal as being "not in keeping with the Universalist tradition of the free church," and defending Prof. Struik's right to a legal defense and Mr. Abbe's right to follow the dictates of his conscience in the matter. The church committee issued a statement that it had been investigating Mr. Abbe's pastorate for 18 months, and that the Struik incident did not decide the issue but only brought it to a head.

F.O.R. Mail Order Rummage Sale

FOR members and friends can take advantage of the Mail Order Rummage Sale to turn some good, useful, but superfluous possessions into cash contributions to the FOR, or can acquire, through the sale, items they may need at reasonable prices.

Do not send the items you are willing to contribute to the FOR office. Send a list of them, with a description and the price you think they should bring, to the address below. Henry Plaisance, who is in charge of the sale, will compile a list of all items and send it to everyone who has an item for sale or who has requested a list in the hope of finding something he wants to buy. Prospective purchasers will write to the donor and arrange the purchase. Upon completion of the sale the donor will transmit the purchase amount to the FOR as a gift. *Deadline for listing your items will be March 31.*

For further information, or for listing, write to

Henry Plaisance
3113 Columbia Avenue
Richmond 24, Virginia

News of COs

Milton Cox, a Jehovah's Witness who applied for nonmilitary service but was classified I-A by his board, refused the oath of induction but was forced into the Army anyway. He refused to bear arms, was court-martialed, and was sentenced to five years at hard labor. After he had served four months of this sentence his lawyer finally obtained his release on a habeas corpus writ, and in November the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco freed him in a unanimous decision. The importance of his case for other COs, says his lawyer, Albert F. Coyle, is that it established the right of a CO to nonmilitary service when he has made proper application to his local board for such service; and the Board cannot disregard such an application and arbitrarily classify him to the contrary.

Dwayne Olson, serving as a medical corpsman at a military hospital in San Francisco, has been in the Army for nine months but has refused to accept any pay. He is a member of the Church of Christ and had originally sought a IV-E classification, but was persuaded to accept induction. He is now convinced he is a CO, and is seeking his discharge.

Assistance to Japanese War Prisoners

In November the IFOR sent $140 to the Japanese imprisoned as war criminals in the Philippines. There are 113 of them, of whom 60 are still under sentence of death. In Australia there are 234, none under the death penalty, and in Tokyo's Sugamo prison there are 1,462.

Letters Contest

The contest pro and con political action for pacifists is now closed, and the entries are being judged. If space had permitted, the winners would have been included in this issue, but this was not possible. They will appear, however, in the March issue.

rohibition Party issolves AYPA

The Prohibition Party at its na-nal convention in November ted to dissolve its youth organi-tion, American Youth for Polit-al Action, and form a new group be known as the "Youth Com-ittee" of the party. Older mem-rs of the party had charged that e Rev. Robert Gemmer, a paci-t and member of the FOR Na-nal Council, was a "pink," a arge that was refuted by sup-rters of AYPA at the convention. pparently there was also objec-n to his outspoken pacifist posi-n. Mr. Gemmer was head of YPA, and the editor of its paper *he Blaze,* David McReynolds, was so an FOR member.

ongregation Supports Iarion Frenyear

The Rev. Marion Frenyear, for-er Executive Secretary of the ew York Fellowship of Reconcili-ion and now Congregational inister of South Hartford, New ork, was recently the center of a mmunity controversy because e had contributed to the bail nd of Arnold Johnson, one of e Communists under indictment. iss Frenyear advanced $500 to-ard the bail of Johnson, who was classmate of hers at Union Theo-gical Seminary, with the com-ent that she did not agree with s views, but the American Le-on in the region got hold of the ory and began a campaign gainst her.

The story broke just after she ft for her month's summer vaca-tion, and had a good start by the time she returned. She and FOR members and friends went to work to clarify her stand with the members of her congregation and the public in general, and some very fine material appeared in local newspapers, especially an editorial in the Glens Falls *Post and Standard* defending Miss Frenyear and the right of Communists to civil liberties, and even declaring that if pacifists are out of step with the times it is not because they are wrong, but because everyone is not pacifist.

Discussion of the issue was widespread, and before it was over Marion Frenyear had received an overwhelming vote of confidence from her congregation.

German Catholics Start Pacifist Group

Kaspar Mayr, Austrian Catholic member of the FOR, organized a conference of Catholic pacifists that was held in Frankfurt in November with about 100 people attending, to form a Catholic group within the IFOR. The members are FOR members but they see the distinctive task of the new group as uniting Catholics for work within their own Church, to cooperate in the attempt to revise traditional theology, especially regarding nonviolence and the CO position, and to try to influence politics in the spirit of nonviolence and reconciliation.

Now that the German group, called the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft der Katholiken,* is firmly established, it hopes to encourage the founding of similar groups in other countries.

Jottings

An international gathering of pacifists at Perugia, Italy, on January 30, the anniversary of Gandhi's death, was organized by Prof. Aldo Capitini, Italian pacifist. The theme of the conference was "Nonviolence: Its Principles and Methods." On January 31 the groups visited the tomb of St. Francis of Assisi.

* * *

Miss Ellen Starr Brinton, its first curator, retired from that position with the Swarthmore College Peace Collection (formerly the Jane Addams Peace Collection) on July 1.

* * *

The Committee for a Free Asia is conducting a "Seeds for Democracy" drive to help the people of the Philippines raise their standard of living. Ten cents worth of seeds, the Committee points out, is the equivalent of ten dollars worth of vegetables. Headquarters of the Committee are at 2 Pine Street, San Francisco.

* * *

The Supreme Court in November, after granting a review of the case of George B. Thorp, FOR member who refused to sign the New Jersey loyalty oath as a teacher in the Newark College of Engineering, declared it was no longer a live issue and probably will not make a decision on it. This was based on the fact that Thorp's contract had expired by November, 1951, when the case came to the high court, and that he had been allowed to serve it out in a non-teaching capacity.

Miss Tracy D. Mygatt, longtime FOR member and world government worker, has contributed the article on the Campaign for World Government to the *Debate Handbook* of the University of Missouri, and articles on conscription and militarization were contributed by John Swomley.

* * *

The Board of Regents, governing body of the New York State public schools, has suggested that the children begin every school day with the prayer: "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessings upon us, our teachers, and our country."

* * *

Heifers for Relief plans to send 10,000 milk goats to Korea as soon as an armistice makes this possible.

* * *

The Philadelphia General Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends joined with labor, civil rights and teacher groups to try to defeat the Pechan loyalty oath bill in the Pennsylvania legislature, but it was eventually passed and signed by the governor. The bill requires the state's 244,000 public employees, including about 60,000 teachers, to answer "loyalty" questions and sign a loyalty oath.

* * *

Frank Keller, FOR member who lives in Souderton, Pennsylvania, a World War II Navy veteran, in 1951 obtained 11 engagements for pacifist speakers in his neighborhood.

Books

New Insights

he Purpose of Jesus, by E. L. Allen, D.D. British FOR, 1951. 78 pp., $1.00.

This is a remarkable little book, ased on a series of lectures that was privileged to hear two years go at the British FOR conference i Wales. E. L. Allen is the head of he Department of Divinity of ings College, Newcastle, in the niversity of Durham. Written for acifists, though of general value, his book throws new light on many f the pressing problems that con- ront us—compromise, political ac- on, our attitude toward the nurch, justice vs. love.

One interesting passage will serve show the author's approach. He rites: "We are apt to suppose that he hardest virtue is to love one's nemies. That is not the case. . . . he honest enemy we may admire nd respect. He puts us on our ettle. . . . The person it is much ore difficult to love is someone ho is so much like ourselves that e cannot understand why he does ot come the whole way. Stalin can hake hands with Hitler but never ith Trotsky. Christian love has to e exercised in this difficult sphere, n our relations with those who ave 95% in common with us and ho differ on the rest."

In another passage he says that If it is true that I only love a érson when he stands out for me s a being of unique worth and one ot to be confused with any other, is also true that there are times when I do not love him unless I insist that he take his place alongside others and be treated as I would treat anyone else."

—John Swomley

The Inevitable Results

War and Civilization, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Selected by Albert V. Fowler from *A Study of History.* Oxford University Press, 1950. 165 pp., $2.50.

Albert V. Fowler, FOR member and Fellowship contributor, has selected from Toynbee's six-volume *Study of History* nine extracts dealing with war and militarism. The resulting *War and Civilization* is a readable and highly useful source book for pacifists. Here is chapter and verse on the theme "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

In turn, Toynbee deals with various temptations to which the militarist falls prey. Sparta is at first victorious because of its rigorous military training and strict regimentation, but the Spartans never learn the arts of peace or how to be anything but soldiers. Assyria, though efficient and up-to-date in technique, exhausts itself in military adventures and in the process brings about the extinction of the Assyrian state and extermination of its people. Rome establishes a giant empire but succumbs to "the intoxication of victory" and the corruption of its rulers.

However, civilizations are shattered not only by the physical de-

struction which war looses upon them. The militarist in his reliance upon violence undermines the fabric of society long before the final blow falls. "The single art of war makes progress at the expense of all the arts of peace." War devours an ever-increasing share of the fruits of man's industry and intelligence, and becomes a cancer whose malignant tissues soon grow faster than the healthy tissues on which they feed.

Furthermore, the mind of the swordsman is such that he throws the weight of his sword in the scales of justice, and increasingly the reign of violence replaces the reign of law. Thus are the foundations of society made vulnerable both from within and from without.

Toynbee is not a pacifist, as his preface indicates. He believes the "peace-loving peoples of the world" must band together and be strong enough so that attacks upon them would be hopeless. However, he goes on to say the "peace-keeping world power" must be "sufficiently just and wise in the use of its power to avoid the provocation of any serious wish to challenge its authority."

That this is indeed a utopian view is indicated not only by a political analysis of the present world situation. The most effective refutation is his own last magnificent chapter on "The Failure of the Savior With the Sword." Among the many penetrating and memorable passages, a few will have to suffice.

> An instrument which has once been used to destroy life cannot be used to preserve life at the user's convenience. . . . The man of violence cannot both genuinely repent of his violence and permanently profit by it. . . . The savior with the sword may perhaps build a house upon the sand but never the house upon a rock. And he will not be able to build for Eternity vicariously by the expedient of a division of labor between a blood-guilty David and an innocent Solomon: for the stones with which Solomon builds will have been of David's hewing: and the veto pronounced against the father—"Thou shalt not build an house for my name because thou hast been a man of war and hast shed blood"—spells doom for a house built by the son on the father's behalf.

Even more directly, Toynbee writes that however much leaders may resolve they will use the sword again only for the most beneficent and defensive purposes, "Time sooner or later will bring their work to naught."

> . . . For sword-blades are foundations that never settle. Exposed or buried, these blood-stained weapons still retain their sinister charge of *karma;* and this means that they cannot really turn into inanimate foundation-stones, but must ever be stirring—like the dragon's-tooth seed that they are—to spring to the surface again in a fresh crop of slaying and dying gladiators. Under its serene mask of effortless supremacy the Oecumenical Peace of a universal state is fighting, all the time, a desperate losing battle against an unexorcised demon of Violence in its own bosom; and we can see this moral struggle waged in the guise of a conflict of policies.

This deadly effect of the sword, it can be said, works to the disintegration not only of a universal state, but also of a "voluntary association of the peace-loving peoples of the World" as they arm themselves with the most hideous of weapons, or fight a limited war in Korea.

Many of our observations about war and history are oft-repeated generalizations. Here, and much more in the original six volumes, is the detailed research and study

which, alas, only too few historians undertake. *War and Civilization* should be a well-marked book in the library of every pacifist.

—Charles Walker

Sound Interpretations

Classics of Religious Devotion. Preface by Willard L. Sperry. Beacon Press, 1951. 117 pp., $2.00.

For those who are not familiar with the classics reviewed here this book will provide an excellent introduction, in each case furnishing a clear outline of the classic's content and in some instances penetrating and remarkably fresh interpretations. The book will be rewarding also to those who already know these classics.

The finest study, in my estimation, is the one on St. Augustine's *Confessions* by John Wild, who holds a chair of philosophy at Harvard. "We now know," says Professor Wild, "that the massive structure of beliefs and habits which we refer to as the Graeco-Roman culture of the Fourth Century A.D. was in fact very sick and near to death, though this was not known to most of the Roman citizens of that time. In the same way, for those who look carefully enough, there are many signs that our own great system of Western culture is suffering from weakness and decay."

What most people in Augustine's day said was that there were of course certain practical issues to be faced, "but these practical issues must be met with practical weapons. Evil things must be fought by other *things.*"

By the process of thought which he describes in his *Confessions* Augustine reached the conclusion that "evil is not a *thing* at all. . . . It has no size and shape, and cannot be destroyed with armies and explosives." Its roots are in the human mind and will, and must be fought with other techniques and weapons.

These opinions were brushed aside by Augustine's contemporaries. "Rome girded herself to fight her enemies with swords, and javelins, and the solid institutions of men, rather than with ideas, devotion, and faith in what is higher in man." In this case, Professor Wild suggests, "the verdict of history is clear. Less than two centuries after Augustine's death, the swords and armies of Rome were shattered and disintegrated. The solid institutions of men on which the Romans had relied, including the supreme institution of the Empire itself, had completely disappeared. All that remained were the tenuous ideas and devotions of the Christian Faith."

Professor Wild closes his study by asking the question whether in our age there will be "a sufficient number of living persons" to rely on the weapons of the spirit and so "to exert a healing influence on our sick civilization in its desperate efforts to overcome the divisions and injustices that afflict it? If it fails to survive its now long-protracted time of troubles, and, like so many other civilizations, destroys itself, will those who survive be endowed with sufficient understanding, and imbued with a sufficent intensity of purpose to build another, perhaps more worthy of the name?"

So much for the chapter on Augustine. Those who may have soured on John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* or who have never thought it worth tackling, should

read Professor Perry Miller's (Harvard's history department) chapter on that classic.

The other chapters are on Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ* by Dean Sperry; on John Woolman's *Journal* by Henry J. Cadbury; on Schweitzer's *My Life and Thought* by Frederick M. Eliot; and on Maimonides' *Guide For the Perplexed* by Rabbi Beryl D. Cohen of Temple Sinai, Brookline, Mass.

—A. J. M.

Spiritual Journey

I Attacked Pearl Harbor, by Kauo Sakamaki. Association Press, 1949. $2.00.

This is the story of a Japanese naval officer's participation in the attack on Pearl Harbor and his life as a prisoner of war in the United States. Because he was trained for a suicide mission, becoming POW No. 1 created serious internal conflicts which made adjustment difficult. Gradually he adjusted and spent the rest of his four years counselling other Japanese POWs, organizing the camp for study, recreation and creative work. One of his most difficult tasks was persuading his fellows not to commit suicide but to prepare for leadership after the war.

This is also the story of his repatriation to Japan, his effort to find a job, his thoughts in contemplating marriage, and his worried speculation about the future of Japan. But most of all, it is a story of a boy who was brutalized by militarism and who changed into a human being. Toward the end of his POW experience, he would say in his welcoming speech to new and often-bitter prisoners brought from the battlefield:

> "A person may do thirty wrongs and seventy good things. Give him credit for the good he does. If you don't know which way to turn, pause and refresh yourself. When you meditate, the light will come your way. Do not let evil possess you. Overcome it with justice within yourself."
>
> —John Swomley

CORRECTION

"The Christer," Milton Mayer's article about A. J. Muste which appeared in the January issue, was reprinted from *The Progressive* with the kind permission of the Editor, and we regret the omission of this acknowledgement with the article.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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AND THE WORD OF GOD FROM JERUSALEM. Read and support the Pacifist Monthly in Israel, NEIR (Light) published in Hebrew. 25c an issue. Moral and financial support are asked by the Pacifists in Israel. Write to David Berkingoff, 315 East 209 Street, Bronx 67, New York.

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Printer or mechanically inclined person to work on weekly newspaper while pacifist co-owner serves prison term for draft violation. Write Peggy Champney, c/o Yellow Springs News, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FOR Field Secretaries

Midwest: Albert Watson, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.; *Far West:* Orval Etter, 1941 Oregon Street, Berkeley 3, Cal.; *Southwest:* Glenn Smiley, 820 So. St., Andrews Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

Is Race Relations a Dead Issue?

Are we so well along the road to freedom and equality for all that we can sit back and take it easy? In case you have any doubts, the answer is "No." In 1951 an Oklahoma librarian lost her job because she was active in race relations and other liberal causes; in Cicero, Illinois, an apartment house was wrecked because a single Negro family was moving in; a handcuffed Negro was shot in the back by a Florida sheriff. Dramatic or quiet, there are things like this going on all around you, wherever you live in this country. Know the facts, and spread them around! Here are some good sources for education:

THEY SHALL BE FREE, by Allan Knight Chalmers **$3.00**

An account of the long fight to free the Scottsboro boys, by an FOR minister who was in the forefront of the struggle.

DEEP IS THE HUNGER, by Howard Thurman **$2.50**

A richly rewarding book of meditations of deep spiritual insight, by another FOR minister.

THE RACES OF MANKIND, by Benedict and Weltfish **25¢**

The classic, a pamphlet that is readable and intelligent, and that explodes the myths of racial superiority.

RELIGION AND RACE: BARRIERS TO COLLEGE? by Ivy and Ross **25¢**

A recent examination of the situation in education, where and in what form discrimination exists.

STATEMENT ON RACE, by Ashley Montagu **$2.00**

An easily understandable statement on the race problem by the author of *On Being Human.*

ERASING THE COLOR LINE, by George M. Houser **40¢**

CRUMBLING BARRIERS, by Constance Rumbough **10¢**

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA, by Maxwell S. Stewart **25¢**

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All pacifists agree that disobedience to the war-making State is necessary at some point: when it drafts a man into the Army, when it asks for his financial support, or at some other point. This pamphlet is an examination of the values and problems of Holy Disobedience, with particular emphasis on the issue of conscription. For example, when pacifists are drafted and sent to do work away from home, are they unconsciously allowing themselves to be taken away from what may really be their primary job, that of living and interpreting pacifism in their own home community and to their own friends? This is only one of the searching and pertinent questions A. J. Muste asks and discusses in this brand new pamphlet, to be published in February. Send for your copy now!

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A warm, intelligent biography of Leyton Richards, one of the founders of the FOR in Britain, by his wife.

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One of the best books about Russia and the Russians, by an intelligent and objective observer. Pacifists will disagree with the suggestions in the last chapter, but the rest they will find extremely valuable. Formerly $2.75.

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